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disturb her. Then Mrs. Halliday shooed her out of the kitchen.

"You run right along now; I can attend to things myself."

"I'd like to help, too," said Don.

"Run along—both of you," insisted Mrs. Halliday. "You'd be more bother than help."

So the two found themselves on the front step again, and Don suggested they remain there. The sun was getting low and bathing the street in a soft light.

"I have something very important to say to you," he began.

"To me?" she exclaimed.

Again there was the expression of astonishment and—something more.

"It's about my getting married," he nodded.

"But I thought that was all settled!"

"It is," he admitted.

"Oh!"

"I think it was settled long before I knew it."

"Then you're to be married right away?"

"I hope so."

"That will be nice."

"It will be wonderful," he exclaimed. "It will be the most wonderful thing in the world!"

"But why did you come 'way down here?"

"To talk it over with you. You see, a lot depends upon you."

"Me?"

Again that questioning personal pronoun.

"A great deal depends upon you. You are to say when it is to be."

"Mr. Pendleton!"

"I wish you'd remember I'm not in the office of Carter, Rand & Seagraves now. Can't you call me just Don?"

She did not answer.

"Because," he explained, "I mean to call you Sally."

"You mustn't."

"I mean to call you that all the rest of my life," he went on more soberly. "Don't

you understand how much depends upon you?"

Startled, she glanced up swiftly. What she saw in his eyes made her catch her breath. He was speaking rapidly now:

"Everything depends upon you—upon no one else in all the world but you. I discovered that in less than a day after you left. It's been like that ever since I met you. I love you, and I've come down here to marry you—to take you back with me to the house that's all ready—back to the house you've made ready."

SHE gave a little cry and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't do that," he pleaded.

She looked as if she were crying.

"Sally—Sally Winthrop, you aren't crying?"

He placed a hand upon her arm.

"Don't touch me!" she sobbed.

"Why shouldn't I touch you?"

"Because—because this is all a horrible mistake."

"I'm trying to correct a horrible mistake," he answered gently.

"No—no—no. You must go back to her—right away."

"To Frances?"

She nodded.

"You don't understand. She doesn't want to marry me."

"You asked her?"

"Yes."

"And then—and then you came to me?"

"Yes, little girl. She sent me to you. She—why, it was she that made me see straight!"

Her face was still concealed.

"I—I wish you'd go away," she sobbed.

"You don't understand!" he answered fiercely. "I'm not going away. I love you, and I've come to get you. I won't go away until you come with me."

She rose to her feet, her back toward him.

"Go away!" she cried.

Then she ran into the house, leaving him standing there dazed.

To be concluded next week

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He Grappled with Lincoln's Assassin

By PEARL LOUISE BECK

SEATED before a crackling log fire in a sturdy little bungalow at Rye Beach, overlooking Long Island Sound, an old man told me of his regret that he does not hold a greater place in history. He has had this feeling of regret ever since a certain fateful hour on the evening of April 14, 1865, when he found himself flat on his back in the wings of Ford's Theater in Washington, and sat up to hear the stumbling footsteps of John Wilkes Booth dying away in the distance.

William Withers was leader of the orchestra in Ford's Theater on the night of Lincoln's assassination. He was acquainted with the martyred President, and with Booth, who killed him, having spent an hour with the latter before the fatal performance.

A few seconds after Booth had jumped from the President's box to the stage, he found Withers blocking his way. With the fury of a madman, he drew a dagger and rushed at the musician. The steel missed its mark, but it tore a ragged gash in Withers' left shoulder.

He Thought Booth Had Gone Mad

"THE dagger fell to the floor," said Mr. Withers, in telling the story of that historic night. "I remember looking at it in a dazed way and wondering why Booth should have attacked me."

"After he stabbed me he recoiled and we grappled. If I had known then that he was the murderer of Abraham Lincoln, he never would have escaped—never!"

ing meeting with Booth immediately after the assassination.

was awaiting him. With him went the greatest opportunity of my life."

Mr. Withers is an invalid now, but his mind is wonderfully clear. He can tell in detail everything that happened to him, from the time he took his place and led the orchestra in playing "Hail to the Chief" as Lincoln entered, until his thrill-



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"I had composed a song called 'Honor to Our Soldiers,' and it was to be sung by Miss Laura Keane and a quartet between the first and second acts of 'Our American Cousin,'" said Mr. Withers.

"Something went wrong, and the song

was delayed until after the second act, when Stage Manager Wright informed me that Miss Keane would be unable to sing. I started for the wings to learn what had caused the hitch.

"I found Wright, and he said that Miss Keane was so nervous that she was having all she could do to play her part; it would be impossible for her to take part in the extra feature. I started back to the orchestra, when suddenly I heard the report of a pistol and a second later a great thud upon the stage. I stepped back into the wing to see what had happened. A woman screamed, there was a stumbling rush, and a man's voice broke into bitter curses. I hurried through the wing to the stage, and came face to face with John Wilkes Booth. His face was ashen, his eyes bulged, and his hair seemed to stand on end.

"The memory of that face will remain with me until I die. It was the face of a maniac. 'Out of the way!' he screamed in a high-pitched voice that I never would have recognized as Booth's.

Booth Stabs His Friend

"BEFORE I could move he was upon me with his dagger, which he tried to plunge into my heart. I caught his arm, and the blade went into my left shoulder. That wound left me with a six-inch scar, which I carry to this day. I call it the 'Booth barometer,' because every time the weather begins to fix itself for a northeast storm that old wound starts to ache. I was taken before the police authorities immediately after the assassination, and gave the first evidence that led to the positive identification of Booth as the murderer."

Mr. Withers was a well known violinist. He instructed Tad Lincoln in this instrument, and was leader of the Marine Band at Washington.